# RADISSON

## THE VOYAGEUR

LILY A. LONG

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# RADISSON

## The Voyageur

*A VERSE DRAMA IN FOUR ACTS*

BY

LILY A. LONG

NEW YORK
HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY
1914

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# PREFATORY NOTE

For over two hundred years the two white men who first pierced the wilderness beyond Lake Superior were overlooked by historians,—their names forgotten, their exploit unknown. Manuscript records of unquestionable authenticity now give the honor to Pierre Esprit Radisson and his brother-in-law, the Sieur des Groseilliers. They were trappers and traders, not scientific explorers, and they were apparently quite careless of fame. Such discoveries as were incidental to their avocation were all in the day's work. But their adventures were many and dramatic, and Radisson's journal shows that he, at least, was keenly sensitive to the romantic aspects of their work and to the wonder element of the wilderness.

There is no historical record of any love adventure, such as is included in the play, but—Radisson was twenty, and a Frenchman. The other incidents in the drama follow his story closely, and many of the speeches are merely paraphrased from his journal.

The play as presented is arranged for reading, but the notes at the back make it available for amateur out-of-door performance, or for use as the basis of an Indian Pageant. The opening poem, "The Voyageurs," could be made to serve as a prologue, spoken

by a voyageur; and after the last curtain has fallen it might be raised for a moment on the solitary figure of a woman, looking toward the sunset, who recites the closing poem, "The Passing of the Indian."

"The Feast of Friendship," which is introduced as a Pageant following Act III, gives an opportunity for the presentation of Indian dances and games, to any extent desired.

# CONTENTS


| | PAGE |
|---|---|
| PREFATORY NOTE . . . . . | v |
| PROLOG—"The Voyageurs" . . . . | ix |
| THE PLAY—"Radisson: The Voyageur" . . | 1 |
| L'ENVOI—"The Passing of the Indian" . . | 105 |
| HISTORICAL NOTE . . . . . | 107 |
| DIRECTIONS FOR COSTUMING AND MOUNTING . . | 111 |
| DIRECTIONS FOR PAGEANT . . . . . | 115 |

## THE VOYAGEURS

They were a gallant band, the Voyageurs,—
Adventurous spirits, tossing life and death,
Like chance-flung dice, with an unfaltering hand,
To find the western sea that led to Ind,
To thread the rivers, flowing from the north,
To pierce the mystery of unknown lands,
To find the fabled gold of buried kings,
To track the bear and bison in the wild,
To trade for silky pelts a queen might wear,
To hold dumb converse with the woodland men
And learn the master-craft of how to wrest
Full life, bare-handed, from the barren wilds,—
All these were lures to lead the adventurer on.
Yet more than all, perhaps, 'twas but to feel
The wildness close about him, shutting out
The petty strife of towns, the labor dull
Of day by weary day while time shall run
That marks the somber safety of the towns.
Here there was danger, meet to match his might;
Here there was vastness, equal to desire.
The night sky spread a tent above the world,
Murmurous with winds that blew from sea to sea.
The forests held the memories of a past
Older than cities, and than empires more.
Foremost of all, the gallant Radisson,

That youth adventurous of Gallic blood,
Who knew the seven oceans of the world
Before the beard had darkened on his chin.
And with him, bound in brotherhood of love
And of adventure, came Groseilliers,
Sedate and prudent, wise to trade and buy.
For them the mighty Mississippi made
A level highway to the wilderness,—
And to the temple of undying fame.
Youth calls to youth. The land and they were young,
And every morning was a challenge flung.

RADISSON

## CHARACTERS

PIERRE ESPRIT RADISSON, *a young Frenchman of twenty, gay, debonair, and courageous.*

MEDARD CHOUART, SIEUR DES GROSEILLIERS. RADISSON'S *brother-in-law. A trapper and Indian trader, thirty-five years old.*

SON'DAQUA, *the old blind chief of a band of Hurons (Wendats), who have been driven westward by the Iroquois, and have found a temporary asylum on an island in the Mississippi River.*

ANAHO'TAHA, *his son, and later the chief.*

IHEE, *a medicine-man.*

ONDA'TA, *an old herb woman.*

O'WERA, *a young girl of the Wendats,* IHEE'S *daughter.*

*Other Indian braves and squaws of the Wendat tribe.*

*Runners.*

*A group of Ottawas.*

*A group of Sioux.*

*A group of Crees.*

# ACT I

*In the cool morning hour of a June day, a group of Indian women have come down to the river's edge to wash their garments, while others, nearby, are grinding corn in stone mortars. The place is Isle Pélée (now known to geographers as Prairie Island) in the Upper Mississippi River. The year is 1656. The day when Father Hennepin shall look over this region with the eager eyes of a discoverer and claim it for French Louis and for God is still, therefore, a quarter of a century in the future: and even the explorations of Joliet and Marquette, somewhat farther down the river, are but seven years nearer. Yet now, at this moment, two Frenchmen are the guests of these island Indians, and have been such for a year past,—adventurers too careless of fame to publish the fact that they have found the hidden headwaters of the greatest river of this New World. Where every day brims with discoveries, what is one river more or less? Besides, they are trappers, and this year in the wilderness beyond the farthest reach of their rivals in the trade has given them a store of beaver-skin and fox that will be worth a fortune in Montreal,—if only their too loving hosts of the winter can be persuaded to let them go, and to provide the necessary escort through the hostile lands.*

*For these island Indians cling to their chance-sent friends with the dependence of lost children. They are themselves strangers in a land which offers little hospitality. Of the Wendat (Huron) tribe, they long lived at peace in a land far to the eastward, near the Georgian Bay; and many of them have come sufficiently into contact with the trappers, and the black-robed priests of the French people dwelling near the Bitter Water, to learn to venerate the white man's religion and to use his guns and his woven cloth. But the Iroquois, ambitious and conquering, fell upon their quiet villages and drove them out toward the Western wilderness, which was peopled with primitive tribes who had never even heard that the world held men whose skin was white, and who at first looked upon the homeless Wendats as supernaturally gifted because they brought thunder-sticks which could kill at a distance. Yet only at first!*

*But in spite of these miraculous weapons, the forlorn Wendats nearly died of cold and hunger during the first winter on that Bald Island whereon they had found asylum. Then wonderfully, miraculously, help came. As the snow was melting in the spring, two Frenchmen, with an escort of a hundred friendly Ottawas, came to the Island from that far, forsaken East. One, the older, grave and wise, put the mark of the white men's god upon the children, and, though forty of them died thereafter, their parents could at least cherish the assurance that the mark would send them by a straight path through the Ghost Shadows to the Happy Land. Also the wise man had set them to*

*planting corn against the needs of another winter, while the younger one went out into the forest with their own young men all through the long summer, hunting and trapping with the boldest and wildest,—he the boldest and wildest of all. Therefore, the second winter brought no terror, for there was good shelter from the wind, and meat and corn enough to make all the women once more fat and handsome.*

*So, now that the Moon of Strawberries has come again, the women often come chattering and laughing down to the river's edge to wash their garments and grind the corn in their stone mortars; and in the comfort and good cheer of the present they almost forget to mourn for the old home from which they fled.*

*From a little distance an Indian girl, about fourteen years old, watches the women while she swings idly in a grapevine swing. This is* OWERA, *the daughter of* IHEE, *the medicine-man, who is nicknamed The Owl for his mysterious wisdom. From observation of her father's craft,* OWERA *has imbibed a certain shrewd wisdom of her own. She is of the New Generation, and the youthful arrogance which comes of superior understanding sometimes breaks out in mocking and sometimes melts into bewildered yearning Yet outwardly she is merely the demure Indian girl, somewhat prettier, somewhat keener, than the average. Her black hair, parted and held in place by a beaded band, hangs in two braids over her breast. Her dress of soft, white deerskin is richly embroidered and beaded, for her father is a man of importance. His tepee is just beyond*

OWERA, *at the extreme right of a semicircle formed by the ranged tepees of the leading men of the tribe. The Chief's tepee is in the center; and at the extreme left, nearest the water, is the tepee belonging to the two Frenchmen.*

*The thick-growing willows which mask the river's brink are parted by the nose of a canoe, thrust silently between the drooping branches, and* ONDATA, *the old herb woman, who has spent two days and nights on the mainland hunting medicinal plants, steps upon the Island. She carries a bundle of her trophies upon her shoulders. She is old and wrinkled, and she has long since given over the vanity of adding adornment to her dress, which consists of the ordinary coat, skirt, leggings, and moccasins of deerskin; but her face is marked with the dignity that comes in the end to all who have lived long and patiently, and with the strength of good will that belongs to the healer, whatever his race. She pauses to look at the women.*

ONDATA

Ye grind as for a feast.

WOMEN

A feast indeed.

A great feast, and a council.

ONDATA

What the cause?

WOMEN

We know not. We are women. We but know
A feast is ordered. We must grind the corn.

ONDATA

There was no talk of feasting two days back
When I went forth to gather herbs that grow
Within the forest. Have the Iroquoits
Pursued us hither? Is there talk of war?

WOMEN

We know not. We are women. Ask the girl.
Her father talks to her as though she were
A warrior born.—Unseemly!—She may know.

ONDATA

Come hither, Owera.

(OWERA *springs from her swing and comes down to the group of women. A gleam of demure mischief under her modest eyelids betrays her understanding of the summons.*)

ONDATA

Thy father is
Ihee, the Owl, the listener in the night,
Whose wisdom sways the council. Thou must know
The purpose of this summons. Do the chiefs
Call the Young Men to take the Road of War?
Must we so soon again prepare to mourn?

OWERA

The war drum hath not sounded, yet the Owl
That sees at night hath seen the bird of war.
I, Owera, his daughter, speak the truth.

ONDATA

Who sends the war belt?

OWERA

Nay, I named no belt.
The pale-faced strangers who have dwelt with us
While ten and two times hath the moon grown thin,
Would take the backward trail unto the French
Yet would not go alone. They ask our braves,
The Wendat warriors and the Ottawas,
To bear them company upon the way
Lest they encounter bands of Iroquoits,
The Long House Dwellers, enemies alike
Of pale-face, Erie, Wendat, Ottawa.
The council is to say if they shall go.

WOMEN

She talks too much. Unseemly! Can she know
The secret talk of warriors?—Ask again!

ONDATA

What is thy father's counsel? For I know
His words are winged with wisdom, and they go
Like truly feathered arrows to the mark.

OWERA

My father hath great wisdom from the gods
And learns their will in dreams. He tells me so,
And I, that am his daughter, tell it you.
And yet it is no easy thing to know
The secret meaning of a medicine dream
When chiefs with gifts and honors to bestow
Would twist it this and that way, to their will,
And glower like wolves at night-time if gainsaid.
A medicine-man might well then wish to be
The humblest weakling in the camp; but, no,
He must make medicine, to please the chiefs!

WOMEN

(*Scandalized*)

She mocks the wisdom of her father.—Shame!
He should have set her grinding corn like us.

ONDATA

Thou speakest somewhat freely, child; yet say
Who is it that would choose to stay or go?

OWERA

The old would stay; they fear the Iroquoits.
The weak would stay; they fear the Iroquoits.
The cowards, and the men who have the hearts
Of women in their bosoms, they would stay,
In fear some wandering band of Iroquoits

May hang their scalplocks at the wigwam door.
But I, if that I were a warrior born,
Or had a warrior's form to match my heart,
That beats as boldly as a warrior's should,
I'd go with Gooseberry and Radisson
And see the land of marvels where they dwell.
I would not live a coward for my scalp.

WOMEN

Shame, shame!—She talks too bold. Unseemly sound
For maidens to uplift a chiding voice.

ONDATA

(*Speaking with the compassionate wisdom of the old.*)

There is a wisdom of the warrior, child,—
To track the foe, to make no cry of pain;
There is a wisdom of the medicine-man—
To know by dreams and prayers the Spirit's will;
And women have a wisdom of their own,
Unlike the warrior's and the medicine-man's,
But binding none the less on every maid
Who would uphold the honor of the tribe.
Her wisdom is to plant and grind the corn,
To raise the tepee and to build the fire,
To cook the food that gives her husband strength,
And, most of all, to bear with fortitude
The lot of woman. That, above all else.

OWERA

I would I were a warrior, for my strength
Is not enough to meet the harder task
Of being woman.

WOMEN

Oh, unseemly words!

OWERA

In other lands the women are as queens,
And men do serve them on the bended knee.

WOMEN

The girl is surely mad. The white men's talk
Hath turned her head. She takes their jest for truth.
It always is the woman's lot to serve.

OWERA

(*Eagerly*)

Yet hear ye what he says. . . .

(*She sees* RADISSON *leave his tepee and glance toward her, and she breaks off hastily, in shy embarrassment.*)

Another time!

(ONDATA *passes on with her bundle of herbs and disappears behind the tepees. The other women gather up their mortars and clothes and follow her.*)

(RADISSON, *baptized* PIERRE ESPRIT, *is a gay, ardent, impetuous youth, whose high spirits have not yet been tamed by any of the experiences he has known. A rover from boyhood, he looks upon this Western expedition with his brother-in-law, the* SIEUR DES GROSEILLIERS, *as merely an extension of the adventures which have already made him acquainted with half the ports of Europe, and have carried him, in the New World, through a year's captivity among the Iroquois. He has the French voyageur's ease in establishing human relations with native tribes, and more than ordinary audacity and savoir-faire. He is at this time twenty years old, wild with enthusiasm for the wilderness, for which he has the appreciation of a poet joined with the possessive pride of the discoverer. His dress combines the practical features of the woodsman's garb and the Indian's—buckskin leggings reaching to the hip, belted blouse, a gay sash and pouch, and moccasins.*)

RADISSON

(*Approaching gayly*)

Ah, little wild rose of the wilderness,
Hast thou a smile to-day to give Pierre?
Thine eyes are veiled. I see their lashes so,—
Long silken lashes on a golden cheek!
There are fine ladies in the land I know

Beyond the Bitter Water, who would give
Their chance of heaven (though that's not much, i' faith,)
To have such lashes veil such lustrous eyes.

OWERA

"Ladees?" Are they the maidens of thy tribe?
Do they embroider moccasins for thee?

RADISSON

Nay, in the foolish fashion of the French,
It is the men who spend their time and skill
To plan the trappings that the women wear.
How wouldst thou like that fashion, little drudge?

OWERA

I like it not. Wouldst thou return to them,
When here thou art the lord of all of us?

RADISSON

I must return if I would sell my fur
To prove my sanity, I must return,
Though, by my faith, my inclination jumps
Rather with thy suggestion, and to stay.
But if I go, I will again return.
I will return to this fair wilderness
That draws me as a mistress with her wiles,
Her cruel gifts, her thorny tenderness,
—Which is beyond thy knowledge, little rose!
Wilt thou forget me when I am away?

OWERA

Women remember. Only men forget.

RADISSON

Thou art no woman, but a child; and yet
See thou remember. If I come again
And find thou hast forgotten Radisson,
I'll pluck the little stars from out the sky
And turn the moon to water in my wrath,
The which will make a rain of forty days
And drown the tribe,—because one careless maid
Forgot her friend! Behold, this string of beads
Shall help thee keep a memory of me.

(*He gives her a string of beads, which she accepts eagerly. The young chief of the Wendats,* ANAHOTAHA, *passes near. He sees the gift and scowls darkly,—a pantomime not lost upon* OWERA.)

OWERA

(*With shy mischief in her explanatory glance*)

It vexeth him that thou shouldst give me beads.
'Tis not the custom of our people.

RADISSON

True,
But I am of another race, and so
I give thee beads as gods bestow the rain

Upon the woodland flowers. They, for thanks,
Do kiss the breeze,—and faith, I like the word,—

(*He attempts to kiss her.* IHEE *and* GROSEILLIERS *come out from the Frenchman's tepee, and approach.*)

(IHEE,—*the Owl,—is* OWERA'S *father,—a politic old Indian, whose reputation for wisdom is not entirely dissociated from his ability to discern which way the wind of counsel is going to blow. If he had been born under other conditions, he would have been another Polonius.*

MEDARD CHOUART, *the Frenchman, known from his little estate at Three Rivers, near Montreal, as* SIEUR DES GROSEILLIERS, *is fifteen years older than the young brother-in-law who is his chosen companion, and who is to be such through many years of good and bad fortune. Lacking* RADISSON'S *imagination and vision, he yet has the practical good sense regarding the needs of the day and the knowledge of woodcraft and of Indian nature that insure success for their expedition. Just now he is more than annoyed at* RADISSON'S *unpolitic gallantry.*)

IHEE

(*Politically ignoring* RADISSON'S *attitude, he addresses* OWERA *sternly.*)

Get thee to thine own tepee, forward girl.
The council gathers. Maids may not be seen.

(*He stalks off to his own tepee, and* OWERA *follows him in silence.*)

GROSEILLIERS

Mad fellow, wouldst thou wreck us for a kiss?
That maid is pledged to Anahotaha,
The son of Sondaqua, the old blind chief.
Our friend Ihee, who makes the medicine,
Is Owera's father, and he knows her worth
To raise himself to power. So take thy beads,
Thy smiles and kisses, to another mart,
Or thou wilt burn our tent about our ears.

RADISSON

(*Airily*)

Pooh, pooh, a trifle! Do not speak of it.

GROSEILLIERS

God's faith, and who will speak if I do not?

RADISSON

Why, none at all, and that would please me well.

GROSEILLIERS

Thy wisdom is worn thin. It needs a patch.

RADISSON

She is a child, an infant. Have I leave
To kiss a brown pappoose, if I so will?

GROSEILLIERS

Thou'lt lack the will, if I have leave to judge,
Until the brown pappoose hath taken on
The grace of maidenhood. But be on guard.
Wild seedlings ripen early. Furthermore,
The word may rest with Anahotaha
If we get escort to Quebec or no.
We're prisoners, though our warders know it not.
I pray they may not guess too near the truth.

RADISSON

Good brother, I was once a prisoner,
No rhetoric, but fact, as well thou know'st,
Among the Iroquoits. I made escape.

GROSEILLIERS

And so thou may'st again, if thou but use
Discretion where to scatter burning looks,
Nor willful fire our bridges of retreat.

*(During the above colloquy the Wendat braves have been gathering in the background and have gradually formed in a semicircle, leaving an open space toward the front. They take their places, reclining on the ground, in silence, and are pointedly unobservant of the two white men.)*

The chiefs have gathered for the council talk.
Now we, with fitting state and dignity,
Must take the central place and play at pomp,

For they are children in their love of show
And dote on tinsel as a courtier doth.
And see thou second me, or Marguerite,
Thy sister and my wife, may languish long
For tidings of her brother and her lord.

RADISSON

I'll back thee up, good Medard, never fear.
Thou'rt spokesman, as the elder, but I stand
Beside thee, be the need for word or blow.
I'll swear that black is white and night is day,
That we are little gods, and have a horde
Of waiting devil-slaves to do our will
And wreak our anger on our enemies.
Give me a chance and prove what I can do.

GROSEILLIERS

But keep thy madcap jests for other times.
A spark to powder, and our cause is lost.
Remember, if the council should decree
Their young men may not go to see the French,
We and our hopes alike will find an end,
Since we alone cannot essay the wilds.

RADISSON

We cannot? That's a word that likes me not!

GROSEILLIERS

Oh, we can go and die beside the way,
If bleaching bones will satisfy thy pride.
I choose to keep my flesh, and Marguerite.

RADISSON

The wilderness is bride enough for me,—
The virgin wilderness no man hath known.

GROSEILLIERS

A cruel mistress. She would see thee die
Without compassion. Come, put on thy gauds.
We must impress the council with our state.

*(They enter their tent. As they withdraw, the women curiously draw near from their concealment behind the tepees. Whispering together, they peer cautiously after the Frenchmen.)*

WOMEN

They go unto their tepee. Is it truth
That they have little devils in the tent
To guard their guns and beads and tinkling bells?

OWERA

Aye, true enough, as any thief may learn.

WOMEN

And is it true they talk by painted signs,
One to the other, when they are apart?

OWERA

Aye, true enough. The black robes have the skill.
'Tis white man's medicine. That way they send

Warnings of treachery, and secret talk
That one may carry in the open hand
Yet hear no whisper. But the white men hear.

WOMEN

(*With jealous skepticism*)

How dost thou know? Canst thou hear paper talk?

OWERA

I am baptized. The black robes made a mark
That none can see, with water, on my brow.
That, too, is magic. That is how I know
So many things that hidden are from you.

WOMEN

It is not fit that women know these things.

(*Last to enter the council ring are* SONDAQUA, *the chief, who is blind, and* ANAHOTAHA, *his son, who supports him, and guides him to the central place.* ANAHOTAHA *takes his place at his father's right, with* IHEE *next to him.* IHEE, *as medicine-man, carries a gourd filled with pebbles, which he rattles occasionally, to fill a pause or point applause. He wears an owl's head and wings as a crest. Space is reserved at* SONDAQUA'S *left for the two Frenchmen. The women have disappeared in or behind the tepees, though their presence may be guessed from the occasional flutter of a fringed*

*garment. Only* OWERA *is in full sight. She sits on the ground at the door of her father's tepee, stringing rose-hips for beads, but shyly watchful of the council.*

SONDAQUA *is old and feeble, with the detached point of view of a man whom life has forcibly disengaged from personal ambitions and hopes. He wears with dignity the chief's robe, made of brilliant, fluttering feathers, and reaching from his neck to his heels.*

ANAHOTAHA, *who knows that the responsibilities of leadership will fall upon him on his father's death, carries in his heart a smoldering anger at the disasters that have befallen his people, and a resentment, which is ready to burst into flame, that they should have become beholden to the white strangers. Added to this is a more personal bitterness toward* RADISSON, *whose playful gallantry toward* OWERA *has aroused his anger.*)

(RADISSON *and* GROSEILLIERS *come out from their tent dressed for the council.* GROSEILLIERS *has assumed an old doublet of purple velvet with slashed sleeves showing white satin beneath. Over this he wears a necklace of small mirrors. He carries a valuable belt of wampum in his hand.* RADISSON *wears a richly embroidered cloak over his other garments and has bound a bright cockade against his head.*)

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GROSEILLIERS

Delay a little. Let the council wait
Our due appearance. We must wait for none.

RADISSON

Medard, this is a game that kings might play.
My veins run fire, a flame is in my brain.
To look abroad on this fair wilderness
Where never white man's eye hath fallen yet,
To hold a secret in thy heart and mine,
This mighty river with its yellow flood,
These forests with their beauty and their wealth,
These lakes and hills and prairies,—ours, all ours,—
To turn these wildmen by our single will,
We two against a thousand,—this is life!
In truth, I half accept the wildmen's faith.
I feel I am a god, as they believe.
A little god, no doubt, but still a god!

GROSEILLIERS

A godship that may soon be put to proof.
Our wares, as well thou know'st, have all been swapped
For beavers—which are worth their weight in gold,
But like the gold of Midas, may be yet
Our heavy death, since we are poor indeed,
For all our beavers, if we have no iron
To pay for service. We have scarce a knife
Between us.

RADISSON

But we have a better ware,—
Fine, dazzling, gorgeously bepainted words!
A ware to buy our freedom! For they love,
These hungry savages, a glowing speech
Better than food. Good brother, make thy talk
Sound like a war-drum, flash like broken glass.
Thou'lt carry all before thee.

GROSEILLIERS

Aye, I go
To shoot the only arrow may avail.
Our quiver's empty, if this last do fail.

(*They take their places with impressive dignity in the circle at the left of* CHIEF SONDAQUA. *The pipe of ceremony is passed around and all smoke in silence. At length* GROSEILLIERS *rises.*)

GROSEILLIERS

My Brothers, Elders of the Tribe, and Chiefs,
We come together here that each may lift
His voice in counsel. First by right of age
And wisdom is Old Sondaqua, the chief.
His eyes are closed to outward things, yet see
The secret trails that run in each man's heart
Beneath the leafy cover of his words.
The chain of friendship that the white men brought
Is in his hand. He will not let it fall.

His tongue is straight. It cannot speak a lie.
His wisdom is renowned to all the tribes
To east and west, and even to the French.
We wait for Sondaqua, the chief, to speak.

RADISSON

(*Aside to* GROSEILLIERS)

Well said. They'll swallow flattery so thick
'Twould choke a poet or a mandarin.

SONDAQUA

(*Rising with difficulty*)

Old Sondaqua was like the mighty oak
That spreads its branches for a pleasant shade
And grips the hillside with its sinewy roots.
He was a shelter to his friends. But now
The storm hath stripped his branches. They are bare.
The worm is at his heart and he must die.
His ancient home is lost by chance of war,
His young men have been slain, his warriors ta'en.
He fled by night through unknown forest ways
To this far land for shelter. Now, oho!
He sees the shade of change on all he knows.
The ancient ways are dead, the new unlearned.
The pale-faced stranger, coming from afar,
Hath brought us gifts of iron, thunder-sticks,
And burning water that doth make us mad.
He cast these at our feet. We took them up,
And by our ancient custom we are bound

To do his will whose gifts we have received.
The white man's path will lead to change and death.
I that am blind see far along the way,
And it is black with sorrow, red with war,—
Yet must we follow. Let the white man speak.

GROSEILLIERS

My brothers, I have dwelt with you in peace.
Ye know me for a friend. A year ago
We came among you ere the snow was gone,
To trade for beavers, and we found you here,
New set on this fair island, without corn.
Did I desert you? Did I go alone
Back to the French, who waited my return?
Ye know I stayed a twelvemonth, helping you
To raise a harvest, while my brother here
Went with your hunters, finding out new trails.
Now all have maize in plenty, and your wives
Are joyful, laying by a winter's store.
This I, your friend, have done for you, my friends.
But now the time hath come when I must go
Back to my people. I will bear them word
Of you, the brothers that I found afar,
With whom I dwelt in love a winter through.
Who of my brothers will go down with me
And see the wonders of the Frenchmen's town,
Eat full, drink plenty, carry iron home?
I lay this belt of wampum at your feet,
Who takes it up? Who hath the heart to go
With me and with my brother to the French?

RADISSON

(*Aside to* GROSEILLIERS)

Well done. Thou hast the glories of that round!

A CHIEF

Who will baptize our children, if ye go,
Or show the Spirit trail that leads to heaven?

ANOTHER CHIEF

Delay a season yet, for love of us.
We are your brothers. We would have you stay.

IHEE

(*Catching the sentiment of the meeting*)

The gods have shown me in a medicine-dream
It is their will the white men should remain.

ANAHOTAHA

(*Rising with a commanding gesture*)

My brother hides his heart beneath his words
As turbid waters hide a treacherous ford.
He asks that we go down unto the French
To feast and gather gifts. He doth not say
Our path must lie where bands of Iroquoits
Are watching for us in the forest shade,
And we must run the gauntlet of our foes
As prisoners run between two hostile lines
That strike them as they run, and strike, and strike.

The Iroquoits that drove us from our land
Are waiting for us in the hidden ways,
And if our brother asks that we return
He is no Wendat, but an Iroquoit,
A foe at heart, with words that cover death.
Let him take back his greeting, and his belt.

(*He kicks the belt across the field. Other chiefs, influenced by his eloquence, spring up and kick* GROSEILLIERS' *belt back and forth in scorn.*)

CHIEFS

(*In a tumult*)

He is an Iroquoit at heart!—He seeks
To trap us like a castor in a trap!—
The Iroquoits will fall on us, and slay
All those who journey down unto the French.

IHEE

(*Veering with the tide of feeling*)

We who have fled may nevermore return.
The gods have shown me in a medicine-dream
It is their will that we should not return.

ANAHOTAHA

It is my will. Ho, ho! It is my will.

GROSEILLIERS

(*Aside to* RADISSON)

Chief Anahotaha would thwart our plan
Because of anger. Thank thyself for that.

RADISSON

He would be wiser, since he likes me not,
To send me hence, and let the Iroquoits
Do what he dare not. But these wildmen have
No logic as to cause and consequence!
They only see the thing before their eyes.

GROSEILLIERS

(*Rising*)

My brothers, ye have shown indignity
To me, my gift, and message; and the gods
That guard the French will have offense at you
And send a pestilence to kill your corn.

SONDAQUA

Sooner or late, it comes; the end is sure.
The white man will possess our land, and we
Will be as dogs that slink behind the lodge
And gnaw a bone in silence, while the meat
Is his, the conqueror's. We must do his will.

ANAHOTAHA

That is not good talk for the tribe to hear.
This land is ours and no one here may come
But by our leave, and no one may go hence
Save by our letting. We are Wendats! Ho!
We are the People of the Bear. Shall we
Follow like women when a stranger calls?
Who lifts that belt of wampum is a foe!

GROSEILLIERS

(*Aside to* RADISSON)

Speak to them, thou, if thou canst turn the tide.

RADISSON

(*Springing up and throwing off his gay cloak.*)

There is no man among you. Cast away
Those feathers ye are wearing. They belong
To warriors who can do courageous deeds,
And not to women, weaklings, such as you.
Ye men? Ye have the timid hearts of squaws.
Ye hide within the lodge, ye run away,
When war-whoops in the forest sound the cry
That turneth men to warriors unafraid.
Ye have no right to weapons. Ye are tame.
The skin of castor is a war-club fit
To beat you with, O cowards that ye are!

(*He snatches the beaver robe from a brave and beats him about the shoulders with it, and then flings it down.*)

Stay if ye will. Like women dig the roots,
And make the fire to keep you snug and warm,
And hide yourselves when Iroquoits appear
To mock you and to carry off your wives.
For me, I go alone. I do not fear
A shadow on the trail, a wild bird's cry;
Aye, and I do not fear the Iroquoits.
I am a man. I face the wilds alone.

(*He flings a pack upon his shoulder and makes as though he would go off alone.*)

INDIANS

(*In a tumult*)

He shames us with his words.—My heart is hot.—
I, too, will call myself a man!—And I!—And I!—
We are not cowards. We will lift the belt
And take the message that our brother gives!

(*They pick up the belt and crowd about it, each trying now to touch it.*)

IHEE

(*Bustling to the front and waving his arms to the wigwams.*)

Ho, women, pack the bundles for your men!
They join Groseilliers and Radisson
To make the journey to the Bitter Sea.
The Wendat men are braves, as all may know.

RADISSON

(*Laughing excitedly, challenging in his triumph*)

Then come with Radisson! The bundles, ho!

(*The council breaks up in confusion and the women come hurriedly out with their arms filled with the men's belongings, which they proceed to bundle up.* OWERA *alone stands motionless, her eyes fixed on* RADISSON, *who has thrown*

*his arm over* GROSEILLIERS' *shoulder and gives no thought to her. The sun, which has been shining radiantly, passes behind a cloud, and a slow-moving shadow sweeps over the camp.*)

[CURTAIN]

## ACT II

*Three years have passed since* RADISSON *and* GROSEILLIERS, *with their escort of young braves, left the Wendat Camp on Isle Pélée. In the meantime the camp has shifted, the hostility of the neighboring Sioux driving the Wendats northward. It is now October of 1659, and the tribe under* ANAHOTAHA, *the new chief, has pitched temporary camp on the shores of a lake, to be known in subsequent history as the Lac Courte Oreille.*

*The wild geese are flying southward over the lake, and though the mid-day sun is warm upon the October land, little gusts of wind come now and again to flatten the long yellow grass upon the shore and to shake down the red and yellow leaves from the clump of trees in the low land to the left, which shelter the ill-prepared wigwams of the Wendats. There is a haze in the air which dims the sunlight and hangs like a portent on the far horizon.*

OWERA, *who is now seventeen, sits solitary on a high bank overlooking the lake. Though she is, according to the standard of her people, a woman grown, the waywardness which has marked her from childhood has saved her from the crushing burdens that Indian custom lays upon women. She is still unmated, still the privileged daughter of the medicine-man, of*

*whom no tasks may be exacted, and who may indulge to the full her taste for rich garments.*

*She sits idle, looking northward over the wind-fretted water, and sings.*

OWERA

(*Sings*)

Long is the trail
  My beloved must follow.
The lone moon that watcheth
Is weary with waiting.
  Long is the trail.

It leadeth him far
  Past suntime and moontime,
  Past springtime and summer,
  To the region of winter,
It leadeth him far.

(*While she sings,* ANAHOTAHA, *who has succeeded to the chieftainship, has entered noiselessly behind her. He has assumed the more ceremonial dress that goes with his new rank, and whatever emotions of doubt, anxiety, sorrow, or love may rack his heart, he masks them with the impassive dignity which befits a chief. As* OWERA *finishes her song, he comes forward and announces himself impersonally, without a direct look at her.*)

ANAHOTAHA

I, Anahotaha the chief, am here.
I, chief of Wendats, Anahotaha.
My wigwam is the largest and the best.
My furs are many, and my wealth is great.
I have a spirit-stick, a medicine-gun;
It kills by magic and it kills afar.
Behold how great is Anahotaha.

OWERA

(*With carefully hidden amusement*)

No one may doubt, since he hath said the word!

ANAHOTAHA

My beaver-skins are soft, to make a couch.
I bring much venison to fill the pot
The Frenchmen left me.—Come thou to my lodge!

OWERA

(*Startled, and suddenly cautious*)

I? Nay, I have a task! My father waits
Till I return with gatherings of roots.

ANAHOTAHA

A father may not hold a maid for aye.
Come to my tepee.

OWERA

Nay, my mother waits
For me to build the fire and cook the food.

ANAHOTAHA

Come to my tepee! I have waited long
For wife to make my lodge-fire burn, and hang
A beaded deerskin up against the wind.
It is not fitting that the chief should dwell
Alone, with none to cook his food for him,
Or bear his pack on trail.

OWERA

The Chief can find
A score of maidens who will not delay
To seek his tepee. Let him speak to them.

ANAHOTAHA

I will not have another maid to wife,
For I have chosen Owera from all
The laughing maidens at the virgin-dance.
My tepee shall be empty till she come.

OWERA

She doth not choose to wed.

ANAHOTAHA

I heard her sing
Her love was following a distant trail.
Is there another who hath sought her eyes?

OWERA

No, no. No other. 'Twas an idle song,—
A dream of childhood melting into song.

ANAHOTAHA

No more than that?

OWERA

No more. Indeed, no more.

ANAHOTAHA

A dream should fly away when morning comes.

OWERA

It rises every morning in the mists
That melt before the sunshine, but it comes
Back in the night-time by a trail of stars
To Owera's pillow, till it grows to song!

ANAHOTAHA

There is no song for Anahotaha.
The heart of Anahotaha is weighed
To heaviness with care. He is a chief,
He walketh proudly when the people see,
And yet his heart is heavy, and his feet
Are set in ways of loneliness. He longs
To rest his sorrow on a woman's breast,
For only to a woman may a brave
Confess his fears. She only may uphold
His drooping spirit with her tender hands.
And therefore Anahotaha hath longed
To draw the maiden Owera to him,
To bare his heart to her in wigwam talk.

This land is new to us, and hostile bands
Do hedge us on the north and on the south.
Last night strange signals burned across the lake,—
No one can say what foes surround the camp.
Come to my tepee ere the battle fall.

OWERA

(*Excited and eager*)

Our runners—hast thou sent them in the night
To spy on those who come? They may be friends,—
Our young men who went down unto the French
With Radisson, three summers in the past.—
Nay, it may be he comes again himself!

(*An Indian runner, dressed in the trim, light costume of the speed-maker, comes in at the opposite side and races across toward the sheltered camp. As he passes he waves his hand to* ANAHOTAHA, *and without pausing shouts his message.*)

RUNNER

Groseilliers comes again and Radisson!
Across the lake their little boats are come!
Our Radisson returns! He comes again!

(*Goes out running.*)

OWERA

He comes again! I thought he would forget!
A dream hath shown to him the trail of stars!

ANAHOTAHA

What is their coming or their stay to us?
They are another people, and they have
Another totem. They will come and go
Like white bears from the north that lose their way
And wander hither, and again return.
Come to my tepee ere the white men come.

OWERA

Nay, I must see them. Do not hold me back.

(IHEE, *the medicine-man, anxious for his professional credit and quick to take what advantage may be open to him, enters hastily from the direction of the camp, where he has encountered the Runner and learned his tidings.*)

IHEE

I saw it in a dream. They come again.
The white chiefs come again with many gifts!

(RADISSON *and* GROSEILLIERS, *with an escort of Indians, some of whom are carrying loaded canoes on their shoulders, enter from the direction of the lake landing.*

*A crowd of men and women from the camp straggle in after* IHEE, *and the two parties meet.*

*The two Frenchmen are three years older than when we saw them last, and* RADISSON *has perhaps a trifle more of leadership and self-*

*command, but otherwise they are little changed. They, as well as their entire party, carry the travel signs of the two-month journey by lake and land which has brought them here from Montreal.*)

RADISSON

(*Eagerly, and in advance of his party*)

Ihee, old fellow! 'Tis thy very self,
Still prophesying after the event!
The safest sort of prophecy, my sage!
Is Owera here? My faith! My dazzled eyes!
And is this Owera, my little girl
Of three years back? Who gave thee leave to grow
To such a beauty, once my back was turned?

OWERA

(*Shyly*)

'Tis Owera, in truth. Behold thy beads.

(*She draws his beads from her bosom.*)

RADISSON

Thou shalt be decked with beads, the best I have,
Because thou'st kept the old ones in thy breast
And me in memory. Who else is here?
What, all our ancient friends of Isle Pélée?
We had not thought to come upon you here.
Where are your wigwams, lodges? Where the camp?

IHEE

(*Putting himself forward*)

Within the shelter of the fringe of trees
Between the hills, hath Anahotaha,
Who now is chief, set up our winter camp.
But I, I have no kettle in my lodge,
And I have ever been the white man's friend.

GROSEILLIERS

(*Advancing with formality to greet the chief*)

Chief Anahotaha, how doth it come
We find thee and thy tribe in this the north?
Have ye forsook Isle Pélée, where the stream
Held fish in plenty, and the maize grew high?

ANAHOTAHA

(*Sullenly*)

We came away. This is a better place.

GROSEILLIERS

This is a barren place. The winter comes.
Where are your heaps of corn for winter food?

ANAHOTAHA

Each season's food the Manitou bestows.
Ihee will make a fast and win his ear.

GROSEILLIERS

Can Ihee's fasting fill an empty pot?

IHEE

Unless the Manitou be roused to wrath
By sin within the tribe, most sure it can.
If answer be withheld, it is no fault
Of prayer and fasting, but a certain sign
That there is disobedience in the tribe,
And secret sin is hiding in some heart.

GROSEILLIERS

Why have ye left Isle Pélée, where I set
The corn that ye should reap, and there was peace?

ANAHOTAHA

The tribes to west, beyond the Neutral Ground,
Like Iroquoits, are very fierce in fight.
At first they called us gods, because we had
Iron, and waukon-sticks that kill far off.
We thought them weaklings, since they had no guns.
Their knives were stone, sharp-splintered. So we slew
Their hunters in the forest. We were braves.
But they, they followed us, and fell on us,
And in the fight the Spirit hid his face
From us, his children. Why, we cannot know.
So fled we from the island, to the north.

GROSEILLIERS

Where is old Sondaqua, our friend the chief?
He fathered not such folly. Is he dead?

ANAHOTAHA

The breath departed from him, so we laid
His body in a cave beneath the bluff
Near where the Sky-stream joins the Mighty-stream.
There is a fountain far within the cave,
And Manitou, the Spirit, there is heard
In endless murmured speech, by night and day.
We left him there. And I am now the chief.

RADISSON

(*Breaking in to relieve the situation, which he sees is becoming strained.*)

Our greetings to thee, Chief! We bring thee gifts.
We are thy uncles,—thy great-uncles, even!
Send runners through the camp to call a feast.
I and my brother bid you all to come
And smoke the new tobacco that we bring,
And feast on venison and salted fish.
This is a day to be remembered long,
For we have come from far to find our friends
And buy your skins of beaver and of fox.
Is old Ondata here?

(*The ancient herb woman is pushed forward.*)

Bid her prepare
A mighty feast for all, and we will give
To all the Wendat braves a worthy gift,
Another to the women, that they may
Rejoice in our return. The children, too.
Bid all to gather here before the feast,

And let us show our friendship by our gifts.
Go, you, and you, and bring our sledges up.

INDIANS

(*Laughing*)

Ho, ho! Our uncles have returned! Ho! Ho!

(*They scatter, some to the camp, and some to the landing. The sky, which has been somber, glows with a threatening red as the sun sinks into the October haze, and a sighing wind shakes the trees.*)

GROSEILLIERS

Here is a state of things to cool the blood.
The sting of snow already in the air,
And here no harvest, nothing garnered up.
We'll face a famine when the ground is white.

RADISSON

They're children, heedless children, first and last.
Thy lore of husbandry is all forgot.
But we can live as wildmen, snaring beasts,
And digging roots, and sharing forest fare.

GROSEILLIERS

The signs portend a winter of the worst.
I tell thee, 'tis a famine that we face.

RADISSON

And welcome, Famine! Welcome, come what will
That cometh from the honest wilderness.
Its worst is better than the city's best,
For here at worst there is no governor,—
No Argenson, to thwart us, tie our hands.
I'm back where I belong, amid mine own.
I stretch mine arms and cry aloud, "I'm free!"

GROSEILLIERS

Famine may prove a jailer with the best,
And lacks not skill as executioner.

RADISSON

But Famine hath no knavish itching palm.
I'd starve with joy to cozen Argenson,—
God's curses on the thief, the miscreant,
The coward, traitor, liar, double thief,—

GROSEILLIERS

Hold, hold! Why waste good breath in cursing him?
He could not keep us back, for all his laws.
Keep us, free trappers? Dost thou not recall
How, when we slipped away with muffled oars
Between the dusk and daylight, that the guard
Who should have given alarm did call to us
"Good speed, and quick return!" And all the way
The people from Three Rivers and Quebec
Came to the water's edge to see us pass
And cheer us with "The saints have charge of you!"

RADISSON

They are good people. I do not forget.
Why, all Quebec came out three years ago
When we returned alive from Isle Pélée,
And towed our laden boats with shout and cheer,
The while the guns flung out a boomed salute
As we were kings or conquerors,—as we were.
We came with wealth unguessed that we had won
From hostile winter at our mortal risk.
Never before had castor-skins been seen
So fine and soft, so fit for royalty.
We poured a stream of wealth upon the town.
Was that a deed of felony, that we
Should pay a fine, or languish in a jail?

GROSEILLIERS

Why cherish memories that rouse thine ire?

RADISSON

Let Argenson forget to plunder us,
And then perchance my memory may cool.
Here we, each moment of the chanceful day,
Do place our lives upon a lucky throw
And count it triumph if, when evening fall,
We still have kept this coat of living flesh.
We bear a peasant's burden on our back.
We stay the stomach's craving with dry fish,
And think we feast if berries from the bush,
A meager handful, crown our lean repast.

In place of perfumed baths, we break our way
Through leagues of snowdrifts; sleep upon our arms
Lest covetous wildmen brain us for our goods
Or, in pursuit of knowledge, cut our throats
To see if pale-face blood be white or red.
Is ours the pain, the labor? Aye or no?

GROSEILLIERS

(*Seating himself wearily on a pack*)

My muscles answer for me that it is.

RADISSON

Yet Argenson would have a quarter part
Of all our furs, to give us leave to go
And make our battle with the wilderness!
'Twould joy my heart to give with those same furs
Their proper share of aches. One day in four
Let Argenson be sweated, frozen, starved,
Hemmed in by loneliness and hope deferred,
Hunted and driven. Ha, the governor
Would have some right in that case to exact
His due proportion of the castor-skins.

GROSEILLIERS

Our Argenson is but a braided thief,
Using his office here in far Quebec
To set up carriages in Paris soon,
And squeezing us until we spit out gold
Because he hath the power. I grant thee that.
Yet, Pierre, the government——

RADISSON

The government!
What hath the government to do with this,—
This waste of loneliness? Here are no roads,
No bridges, armies, cities, churches, schools,
No camps or barracks, property or deeds,
Or other instruments of government.
Why taxes, then? Why licenses to trap,
More than to breathe the air, or eat the roots?

GROSEILLIERS

Thou art a Frenchman. Thou wouldst fight for France
Against the English, bitter as thou art,
If they should claim this land, or seek thy skill
As trapper, for some British company.

RADISSON

(*Speaking, perhaps, with some prevision of that future in which he was to shift his impatient allegiance from France to England, then back to France, then again to England, dying at last a pensioner of the Hudson Bay Company.*)

A thousand devils, but I would not so.
Why should the chance that I was born in France
Hold me for life a slave to—Argenson?
I sailed the seas beneath a dozen flags
Ere I was twenty, and I speak the tongues

Of English, Turkish, Greek, the Spanish Coast,
As readily as French or Ottawa.
All are my brothers if they treat me well,
But none my master. As for government,—
I snap my fingers at its thievish claims.

GROSEILLIERS

The which is treason, as thou knowest well,
And thou wouldst e'en be quartered, like thy furs,
If it were heard. But if it irks thee so
To pay the license, let us quit the trade
Of trapper, and go dwell at ease at home.
Three Rivers will support a pedagogue
To teach the languages, and scorn of kings,
While I—raise gooseberries on my estate!

RADISSON

Have thou thy jest. A life of deadly ease
Would be a living tomb. Forbid it, Heaven!
This is the land I love,—this wilderness,
White, cold, mysterious, ever beckoning on,
Ever withholding still the final gift,——

GROSEILLIERS

Thy mistress' eyebrow,—fringed with icicles!
The kiss of death upon her frozen lips!—
I know thy theme, thou rhapsodizing swain.
A living bride would more deserve thy breath.

RADISSON

*(Who has been brought down to earth, and promptly finds there an opportunity for mischief.)*

But Owera is pledged, thou'st cautioned me!

GROSEILLIERS

That maggot in thy brain? God give thee sense!
For what was folly once were madness now.
We need the help of Anahotaha.
We need a winter's lodging in his camp,——

*(He breaks off abruptly as his keen eye catches signs of unusual disturbance in the camp.)*

There's tumult yonder. What hath now betid?

RADISSON

They gather for the gifts.

GROSEILLIERS

Nay, somewhat more,
For strangers are in parley with our friends,
And Anahotaha doth stalk before,
With all the native chieftain's dignity.

RADISSON

Their steps are hereward bent. We have usurped
The audience chamber of our woodland king.

GROSEILLIERS

We will maintain our place. It well may be
That Anahotaha conducts them here
To have us see and hear the argument.

(ANAHOTAHA *enters, followed by a party of miserable, half-starved strangers, Ottawas, and also by Wendats from the camp.*)

ANAHOTAHA

White chief, these Ottawas have come to us
To offer us their wares and merchandise.
I bade them speak again their message here,
That ye may hear, and all may share alike.

(*The Ottawas, a poverty-stricken band, show the desperate straits into which the wandering tribes may fall. They are ragged, haggard, and gaunt, though they still maintain the dignity that is conferred by self-possession. As their chief advances to speak, a member of the band throws down a pack which opens and displays the trumpery "merchandise" which was the chief material of barter between the whites and Indians.*

*A keen autumnal wind shakes down the leaves of the trees and seems to fleer mockingly the state of the forlorn Indians.*)

OTTAWA CHIEF

O brothers, it is Hunger that doth speak,
Using our breath to fashion forth our words.

Our band is hungry. Winter presseth close.
We bring our knives of iron that we bought
With many castor-skins, from those who trade
Among the white men, down beside the sea.
And here are rings and awls and iron pots,—
Great wealth, a heap, and much to be desired.
Yet more to be desired is life. We give
All that we have, save life, to keep that life.
Take what ye will, and give us of your corn.

WENDATS

(*Examining the things with childish greed*)

These wares are good.—I have no knife like this,—
For this I offer half my bag of maize.—
Tobacco for a month I give for these!——

GROSEILLIERS

(*Starting up*)

'Tis madness! All will starve, if they divide
Their scanty store of food.

RADISSON

(*Checking him*)

Thou canst not teach
Our anxious cares to them. Eat full to-day,
To-morrow tighten belts, and so, in time,
Die uncomplainingly,—that is their way.
We vex ourselves with much philosophy,
Yet die we, none the less. I doubt we gain.

GROSEILLIERS

(*With a gesture of helplessness*)

The prospect holds disaster. Now at last
The wilderness hath caught us in its snare.

(RADISSON'S *Indians enter from lake landing, bringing in his loaded sleds.*)

RUNNERS

Come all, come all, come all! Groseilliers
And Radisson do call you to a feast
And offer many gifts. Come all! Come all!

OTTAWAS

(*In high content*)

Ugh! It is well that we have come to-day.
Now will we dwell with you and share your gifts.

(*Indians gather from all sides, men, women, and children, and range themselves in an eager, laughing crowd before the Frenchmen.*
RADISSON *opens the pack, and* GROSEILLIERS, *with ceremony, begins the distribution.*)

GROSEILLIERS

First gift be to the men, old men and young.
Tobacco for your pipes, that ye may blow
A pleasant smoke to Gitche Manitou.

(*He distributes gifts of tobacco.*)

MEN

(*In high good humor*)

Ho, ho, ho! Ho, ho!

RADISSON

Next gift be to the women; ribands bright,
To deck yourselves withal, and needles fine,
Better than thorns to draw a sinew-thread.

(*He gives gifts to the women.*)

THE WOMEN

(*With shrill manifestations of delight*)

Ki-yi—Ki-yi—Ki-yi! Ki-yi—Ki-yi!

ONE WOMAN

The most and best he gave to Owera.

RADISSON

Where are the children? Here, together here!
Shy little squirrels, come and try my nuts!

(*Throws gifts of bells and sugar plums among the children to see them scramble.*)

Where's Owera? Come, help me, Owera.
Help me to make these droll, small children laugh.

WOMAN

Ever his eyes are seeking Owera.

(ANAHOTAHA *has been standing to one side with folded arms, watching the scene with impassive countenance. Now he turns gravely to* IHEE.)

ANAHOTAHA

He calls on Owera. I like it not.
Is it forbidden that we slay the man,
Or send him forth to wander otherwhere?

IHEE

He hath great wealth. 'Twere best to keep him here.

ANAHOTAHA

To keep him here how long?

IHEE

(*Significantly*)
Until he die.

ANAHOTAHA

(*After a considering pause*)
That may not be so long.

IHEE

(*Conciliating*)
'Twill not be long.

RADISSON

Are they not like to small brown cubs at play?
Here, dance for me, O children! Beat the drum,
And dance a dance for Pierre, and he will give
This gay rosette to him who danceth best!

INDIANS

(*Shouting with laughter over the antics of the children.*)

Ho, ho, ho, ho! Ki-yi!

(ANAHOTAHA *moves to* OWERA'S *side and places a hand on her arm, as if to draw her apart.*)

ANAHOTAHA

Come to my tepee.

OWERA

Nay, not now, not now.

ANAHOTAHA

I do not choose to wait.

OWERA

(*Petulantly*)

I will not go.
Take thou another maiden to thy lodge.

INDIANS

(*Gathering about* RADISSON *with ingenuous enthusiasm*)

Thou art our brother, for thine eye is keen
As any Wendat's in the forest ways,
Thy heart is open like the tepee door
Where all may come and sit beside the fire.
Be thou a brother by the ancient bond
Of full adoption in the Wendat Tribe.

GROSEILLIERS

(*Aside*)

Be guarded. This may prove an irking bond.

RADISSON

(*Aside*)

Trust me to hold the bond or tight or loose
As best may serve us.

(*To Indians.*)

Wendats of the band
Of Anahotaha, the valorous chief,—
(*Aside*) Who sulks like old Achilles in his tent,—
I take the hand ye offer. I will be
A Wendat of the Wendats, bound to you,
As ye to me, in ties of brotherhood.

INDIANS

(*Acclaiming him*)

Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho!

RADISSON

I will bestow good fortune on the tribe.
When ye go forth to hunt with me, the wolves
Will fawn upon you, like your flea-bit dogs.
The fish will come to you withouten nets.
The lightning will not strike you. It will know
Ye are my brothers.

INDIANS

Ho! Ho! Ho!

GROSEILLIERS

Doth trouble fatten thee, that thou must go
Aside to seek it, madcap? Have a care.

RADISSON

The little devils that I keep in leash
To do my will shall serve my brothers now,
And put our secret enemies to shame.

INDIANS

Ho, ho, ho! Choose thou of us
One who shall be thy father in the tribe,
And in whose wigwam thou wilt eat and sleep.

RADISSON

A father, too? A matter asking thought!
By Zeus and Thor and all the heathen gods,
I choose Ihee, the man of magic craft!

Ihee shall be my father, and his wife
My venerable mother; and perforce
It follows I have gained a sister so.
Am I a brother, Owera, to thy taste?

OWERA

My brother is most welcome to the lodge,
And Owera will cook his venison.

(ANAHOTAHA, *who has listened to the unauthorized overtures of his people with a darkening face, now throws off* IHEE'S *restraining hand and steps forward.*)

ANAHOTAHA

I am the chief, the son of Sondaqua.
The Wendats wait for me to speak the word,
And Owera——

RADISSON

My sister!

ANAHOTAHA

Knows my will.
'Tis Anahotaha, the chief, that speaks.

(*The tension of the situation is broken by the opportune appearance on the height above the camp of old Ondata, the herb woman, who was sent to prepare the feast.*)

ONDATA

The feast is ready.

GROSEILLIERS

Serve it to the camp.

(*This announcement wipes out all other interest, and the Indians rush for the camp, even* ANAHOTAHA *following with dignified deliberation. The two Frenchmen are left alone, looking after them. All at once the sky darkens, heralding an approaching storm, and a sudden, keen wind sweeps in from the lake.*)

GROSEILLIERS

A feast and then the famine. *Sauve qui peut!*
I would the spring were here, the winter past.

RADISSON

(*With a gayety which recognizes the hazard and goes to meet it.*)

Oh, spring will keep the rendezvous, no fear.
The future hath a place reserved for us.
Shall paltry Famine check our destined course,
Or winter hinder us, whom Fate attends?
The stars fight for us. Winter, get thee gone!
Have at thee, Famine! Ha, a Radisson!

*(As he gayly strikes the attitude of a fencer, the long, wailing cry of the loon comes shiveringly over the water.)*

[CURTAIN]

## ACT III

*It is the middle of March, in the following year. A terrible famine, foreseen by* GROSEILLIERS, *has carried off half of the tribe, as well as the starveling Ottawas who came to beg succor. The camp of the remainder is now located at a small lake,—henceforth to be known as Knife Lake, from* RADISSON'S *gift of knives to the visiting Sioux, who likewise commemorate the event by taking the name of Isanti (i.e., Knife) Sioux.*

*It is the chill hour of dawn. The stars are paling in the cold sky, but though light is dawning it is without warmth. A group of Indian women, the entire figure shrouded in a blanket or robe, are crouched on the ground under the trees, wailing aloud for those who have died, and whose decorations and personal belongings are hung upon the trees in sacrifice and for memory. Among the women is* OWERA.

*The bare trees of the mourning grove close about the scene, but in the foreground is an open space.*

RADISSON, *haggard and gaunt, but retaining his old dauntlessness of bearing, enters and stands unnoticed while the women sing their Song of Wailing.*

WOMEN

Ai, ai, ai!
To the land of shadows have they fled away,

Those we loved, our brothers,
Those who gave us counsel,
Those who hunted for us.
Ai, ai, ai!

Ai, ai, ai!
To the land of shadows have they fled away,
They, the little children,
Tender little weaklings.
All our joy hath followed.
Ai, ai, ai!

Ai, ai, ai!
From the cold winter have they fled away,
From the pain of hunger,
From the woe of weeping
To the land of shadows.
Ai, ai, ai!

RADISSON

(*Coming forward and speaking with grave authority*)

Let cease your wailing. Those who fled away
Have found the end of sorrow. Peace to them.
But we who still remain upon the earth
Have tasks to do, and so we may not weep.
The sap that shrank away to hide in roots
Is surging upward. Soon the trees will leaf,
And berries grow, and fish begin to leap.
The famine-time hath passed; the mourning time
For those that died hath likewise passed; and now

The nations gather for a Friendship Feast.
Go to your tasks, O Women! Hide your grief.

(*With the meek submissiveness of the Indian women, they muffle their heads in their blankets and slip noiselessly away among the trees,* —*all but* OWERA, *who remains crouching on the ground.*)

RADISSON

Come, Owera, the time for grief is past.
Lift up thy head, and smile.

OWERA

Can Owera lift
Ever again her head, or ever smile,
She who hath brought a curse upon her tribe?

RADISSON

(*Smiling*)

And hast thou brought a curse? Here's mighty news!
This maiden Owera, whom I can raise
Thus, with a touch, she is so very thin
From lack of food, is strong to bring a curse
Upon her tribe! Then tell me, wicked one,
What is it thou hast done, to now repent?

OWERA

(*With drooping head*)

I brought the famine. Thence came many deaths.

RADISSON

Methought the famine came from lack of food,
Because the snow was deeper on the earth
Than to mine eyebrows, and it filled the air
Until the sun was darkened with the fog;
Because the wind had driven off the beasts;
And there had been no harvest. Was't not so?

OWERA

(*Accepting and echoing* IHEE'S *explanation of the failure of his medicine-making*)

Ah, no, the famine was a punishment
Because of sin. I brought it on the tribe
Because of willfulness. The Manitou,
Who looked within my heart, was much displeased.

RADISSON

Thy tender little heart! I've seen thee give
Thy meager share of food to ease the cry
Of dying children, till I wept to see.
What is the hidden evil in thy heart?

OWERA

I would not wed with Anahotaha.

RADISSON

Oh, ho! I see. Was that a grievous sin?

OWERA

It is a sin a maid should not obey
Her father's wishes and the chief's command.
So long ago I have forgot the time,
It was agreed between the Owl, Ihee,
And Sondaqua, the chief, that we must wed
When Sondaqua should die, and that his son
Receive the Sachem's robe and lead the band.
I knew it was decreed. And yet—and yet
I held myself apart. In willfulness.

RADISSON

(*Watching her under his eyelids*)

Was Anahotaha unpleasing, then?

OWERA

(*In simple honesty*)

Nay, he is brave. And once he slew a bear
That sought to drag me from the lodge at night.

RADISSON

Would I had been there! That I envy him.
Why, then, so cold? Wouldst thou remain unwed?

OWERA

I dreamed of other ways. The black robes came
When I was small, and talked of wondrous things,—
Of prayers and dress and modesty, and rings

To wear upon the finger, and of heaven.
Their talk was wonderful as any tale
My Grandam told. But this, they said was true.
I know not. But they marked me on the brow
With holy water. Then my people fled
Before the Iroquoits, and hid themselves
In this far land, where black robes never come.
And then—and then—thou cam'st.

RADISSON

I came.—And then?

OWERA

Thy tales were like the tales the black robes told
For wonder, but more beautiful and strange.
The marvel hurt me, here. I longed to go
To see thy world,—to be a part of it.
My heart was full of dreams, as evening sky
Is full of rosy light. But it is naught.
The sunset fades, for it is made of dreams,
And leaves an empty sky to watch our sleep.

RADISSON

Even here, thou child of nature! Even here!
The longing of the earth-bound for the sky!

(*The Eastern sky, which has been growing faintly bright, now breaks into white light as the sun rises behind the trees.*)

OWERA

And so, when Anahotaha would woo,
I thought of thee, and held myself apart.

RADISSON

My Owera! For me? Was it for me?

OWERA

The others thought thou wert a god, but I
Who shared my father's counsels as a child,
I knew thee for a man of other race.
I hid from Anahotaha. A sin!

RADISSON

No sin, but love! Sweet child, thy heart is clear
As mountain streamlet, showing sand of gold
Beneath the ripples. Thou hast shown me love!
And I will claim thee—take thee—hold thee!
Come to me!

OWERA

(*Drawing back*)

But—Anahotaha? It were a sin!

RADISSON

He? Nay, he will forget.

OWERA

And thou wilt not?
I saw, in other days, how white men came
And took them wives, and dwelt a little time,
And then departed gayly. But the wives
Were never gay again. The black robes said
It was a sin to wed without a ring.
Their children were burnt sticks, the people said,—
Burnt in the fire, and quenched. They were not gay.

RADISSON

My Owera, if thou wilt be my wife
I will not leave thee ever, nor forget.

OWERA

But will our children be burnt sticks no less?

RADISSON

Why, that will be—of that I cannot say!
The gods must ever meddle in affairs!
It is a mystery, my Owera.

A RUNNER

(*Entering hastily in search of* RADISSON)

The envoys from the nation to the west
Have come with gifts to join the Friendship Feast,
And even now their women raise their tents
In the allotted portion of the field.

RADISSON

Go tell my brother.

(*Exit Runner to the left.*)

There will be a feast
Of many nations when they all arrive,
With games of skill and strength to fill the days,
And dancing of the strangers in the night.
Shall it not be our wedding feast, as well?

OWERA

(*Drawing back*)

My father saith my sin hath brought the woe
Of famine on the nation. I must wait
And seek a guiding answer in my dreams.

RADISSON

But soon, my rose? The answer will be soon?
My brother purposes that we should go
On other trails for furs. He would return
To far Quebec beside the Bitter Sea.
But I—— This winter laid an iron hand
Upon my heart. We two have looked on death.
It is a bond we may not break at will.
Bid me to stay, and he shall go alone
Back to the French, while I remain—with thee.

OWERA

(*Still holding aloof*)

Not yet. I cannot feel the answer here.
Go thou apart a little. Then return

After the moon hath wakened from her sleep,
And Owera will know the trail to take.

RADISSON

Yet thou wilt be my handmaid at the feast,
As we have talked, and bear my redstone pipe,
And walk in the procession just before,
That other chiefs may see and envy me?
Thou wilt not hide within thy tent to-day?

ANOTHER RUNNER

(*Entering from the other side*)

The envoys from the nation to the south,
The Nadouesioux, the Nation of the Beef,
Are drawing near, and ask an audience.
Their young men, naked, run across the snow
To prove their hardihood, for they are fierce,
The Buffalo people, and have never heard
Of white men's fashions, iron, and black-robe talk.

RADISSON

Go seek my brother.

(*Runner exit to the left.*)

Thou wilt not refuse
To bear my pipe before me when we go
To meet the strangers and to smoke with them?

OWERA

To-day I am thy maiden. I obey.
What comes to-morrow, that my dreams will say.

(*She muffles her head and slips away like a dark shadow.*)

GROSEILLIERS

(*Entering from the left in gay spirits*)

The envoys come from north and south and west
To join the games and share our scanty feast.
After the famine, feasts are easy made!
*Mon Dieu,* another week, and I had lost
The art of eating, for this world, at least.

RADISSON

(*Somberly*)

Five hundred lost it, 'ere the sun broke through
The cloud of snow, and raised the heavy pall.
The winter camp hath left a mound of graves,
Yet now—they feast!

GROSEILLIERS

They do. And me to thank!
Our business needs we put them in good cheer.

RADISSON

Business and barter somehow seem less great.
Dost thou recall the dog I stole from those
Who came to traffic, holding close his throat
To keep him silent, lest his owner guess?
And when I plunged my dagger in his heart
The Wendats gathered up the spattered snow

To make the soup and let no drop be lost!
Yet Argenson would have a quarter part!

GROSEILLIERS

What, hath the famine left a mark on thee
That food will not displace? Forget thy cares.
Thy thin and beardless cheeks have won thee friends.
Thou'st suffered with them, so I hear them say;
But I, because a black beard hid my jowl,
Do get no credit for my skin and bones.
I am a god and live by secret food,
Whilst thou'rt a man and brother, whom they love!

RADISSON

(*Speaking with some embarrassment*)

'Tis true I am a man. That minds me say——

GROSEILLIERS

Say what? Thy voice is tangled in thy words
Like stammering schoolboy's. Is there evil news?

RADISSON

Nay, nothing new. That is,—— Nay, nothing new.
And yet, I'd have thee know my mind is bent——

GROSEILLIERS

Is bent on getting home! I know it well!
I share thy longing. Now the snow is gone

It doth behoove us that we make all haste
To gather furs from bands on every side.
To that end have I bidden to the feast
The ancient enemies from north and south,
The Crees and the Ojibways and the Sioux,
To bind them unto peace, that they may spend
Rather their strength in hunting than in war,—
By which we thrive. And when the feast is done,
With seven days of games and tournament,
Then thou and I will journey with the Sioux,
The people of the Buffalo, who return
Down to their country, which, I gather, lies
Beyond our former camp on Isle Pélée.
For they have ancient claim upon the land
Where meet the Sky-Stream and the Father-Stream,
And there is easy portage by small lakes
Where rapids in the river bar the way.
There we will barter for the silver fox
And beaver, and what else may serve our turn,
And so go northward by the river trail
Back to our cache beside the Upper Lake
And find the goods we left our devils to watch—
Ha, ha!—that was a happy thought of thine!
Then home, by lake and sault,—to Marguerite.

RADISSON

(*Dismayed at this rapid programme*)

But we return again to these our friends
Ere we depart?

GROSEILLIERS

Not so. The trail lies east,—
A well-marked river trail, to reach the lake
Where first we came ashore and hid our goods.

RADISSON

But I—but Owera——

GROSEILLIERS

(*Startled and suddenly attentive*)

But who? But what?
Art thou a trapper? We are here for furs.

RADISSON

But I—but I would wed with Owera.

GROSEILLIERS

Now Heaven preserve thy wits. Thy brain is weak
From famine. Thou, a Radisson, wouldst wed—
Thy word!—a beaded savage from the wilds?

RADISSON

She is no savage. She hath been baptized!

GROSEILLIERS

Has't changed her blood? What serves for Saint Pierre
Will scarce suffice his namesake here on earth.

Oh, I can see excuse in time and place
For youth's delirium,—that's another tale.
But wed! And now, when we must pack and tramp,
And travel fast and far, and travel light!
Thou'rt mad, my word for it, so say no more,
But play thy part in this last fantasy
Of savage grandeur. Mark, the envoys come.

RADISSON

Medard, I am no boy. My word to thine,—
I *will* return, and speak with Owera
Before we take the trail for old Quebec.
I will, I say,—I will!—The envoys, mark!——

(ANAHOTAHA, IHEE, *and other Wendats enter, conducting five Sioux envoys who have come to announce the approach of their people for the Friendship Feast prepared by* GROSEILLIERS. *The Sioux, "the Iroquois of the West," have never before this moment beheld white men, or known their many inventions, and their curiosity is mingled with awe. Their dress is entirely of skins of animals, their weapons are bows and arrows and stone hatchets. Each envoy carries a belt of wampum to offer as the "gift" which must accompany a prayer or petition.*

*The Sioux, "the People of the Beef," are hereditary enemies of the Crees and Ojibways, and have had trouble with the Wendats at Isle Pélée; but* GROSEILLIERS' *policy is to reconcile*

*all these differences, in order to turn the tribal energies into hunting furs for him instead of fighting. Hence this "Friendship Feast," at which the Wendats are guests instead of hosts.*

*While* GROSEILLIERS *is welcoming the Sioux envoys, some of the young Wendats build a small fire with twigs and sticks in the center, in order that the pipes may be lit from it.*)

ANAHOTAHA

These strangers come from tribes unknown to us.

GROSEILLIERS

My runners carried gifts to all the tribes.
I bid them hearty welcome. Let them speak.

FIRST ENVOY

White Chiefs, the rumor of your presence here
Hath spread abroad, and some there be that doubt,
And some believe. But now our eyes have seen.
And if ye be the gods, as many say,
And have the power to lay waste the world,
And bring or stay the famine, send the game
Or cover it with shadows, at a word,
We ask you read our hearts, and of your grace
Withhold your anger and extend your love.

(*Offers his belt by laying it at* GROSEILLIERS' *feet.*)

SECOND ENVOY

(*Offering belt*)

The oldest women of the tribe have sent
This belt of wampum, and their prayer is this:
That water may not fail, nor they become
Too weak to carry wood upon the back.

THIRD ENVOY

(*Offering belt*)

Our children, born, and yet to see the light,
Ask, by this belt, that theirs be room to play
And sport unchecked by any fear of harm.

FOURTH ENVOY

(*Offering belt*)

The fourth belt from our young men fit to hunt,
Who beg, if ye be gods, that they may go
Freely throughout the forest, hunting food
To feed their aged, without let or fear.

FIFTH ENVOY

(*Offering belt*)

The men of age, the warriors, send by this
A prayer that lightning may not strike, nor rain
Destroy the lodges, neither may the wind
Uproot the forests or obscure the trails.
Yet if ye be not gods, but hostile chiefs
That come to spy our land, they ask by this

That ye lay bare your hearts, and let your words,
Like runners bearing gifts, declare your will.

GROSEILLIERS

(*Accepting the offering*)

Our will is peace to you and all the tribes
That ask for our protection. We are come
Across the Salted Lake to make to cease
The wars between the People of the Beef
And other tribes ye hold in enmity.
All are our brothers. Be at peace henceforth.
(*Aside to* RADISSON) Bring out the gifts and sweeten
them with talk.

RADISSON

(*Opening a pack ready prepared*)

And for a token, hatchets made of iron,
Sharper than flint, we give to each of you.
Big medicine are they. Your enemies
Will fall before them as a riven tree
Before a flash of lightning. To your wives
We give these magic mirrors made of tin.
Who looks therein at once grows beautiful.
Her cheeks grow fat as bears in summer time.
This is our gift, in answer to your gifts.

ANAHOTAHA

(*To the Sioux*)

Do ye take gifts from those that love your foes?
Even so unto the Cristinos they spake,

Your ancient enemies who dwell above
The Upper Lake. To them they offered gifts.

RADISSON

(*Interfering*)

Thou speakest truth, O Anahotaha!
Think'st thou, perchance, that we should ask thy leave?
Full eighteen tribes will come to eat with us
The feast of friendship, smoke the calumet,
The pipe of peace and counsel. They will come
Guests of my brother, mark you, and myself.
Have we your leave to entertain our friends?

GROSEILLIERS

(*Aside to* RADISSON)

'Twere well if thou wouldst take a whiff or two
Of that same pipe of counsel and of peace.

RADISSON

More, I myself have gone among the Crees
To bid them come and feast, and bring their pelts.
And if I find an evil spirit here
To whisper treachery and turn our feast
Into a slaughter, I will deal with him
So it is talked of for a hundred years.

GROSEILLIERS

(*Aside to* RADISSON)

Thou art as easy ruffled as a cock
In mating season. Come and play thy part.
(*To envoys*) Before we go to watch the warriors dance
And see the young men at their games of skill
Enact the chase, and show in pantomime
How they pursue the foe, and drive the herd,
Here will we pass the sacred calumet
Among our friends, the envoys, drinking smoke
As those who make a peace between their tribes.
And first, before we draw the smoke ourselves,
We all will throw tobacco on the coals
To win the favor of the Manitou.

THE CHIEFS

Tobacco for the Manitou! Ho! Ho!

GROSEILLIERS

(*Aside to* RADISSON)

Hast thou prepared the powder for our turn?

RADISSON

A little, wetted. Much we may not spare.

GROSEILLIERS

Our greeting to the Mighty Spirit! Ho!

(*The Indians circle about the fire, each throwing a pinch of tobacco on the coals. When the*

*turn comes of* GROSEILLIERS *and* RADISSON, *they throw tobacco mixed with gunpowder, and an explosion follows.*)

THE CHIEFS

(*Tumbling backward*)

The white men must be devils! Let us flee.

RADISSON

(*Smoking with great composure*)

Return, and put away your childish fear.
Why do ye tremble at a puff of fire
Blown by our little devils in the flame?
They only tried to steal a breath of smoke,
Knowing the good tobacco that we drink.

THE CHIEFS

(*Returning cautiously*)

Doth it not burn within?

RADISSON

We mind it not.
Such the tobacco that we always use.
We are big chiefs, whom all the devils obey.

GROSEILLIERS

(*Aside to* RADISSON)

Yet thou wouldst have me think that thou wouldst wed
Among these childish people. Pooh, a dream!

Now let us make us ready for the feast.
(*To chiefs*) We join you shortly, where the field is bare
Between the new-set tepees, for the games.

(RADISSON *and* GROSEILLIERS *go out to the left.*)

SIOUX CHIEFS

(*Among themselves*)

Yet surely they are devils, breathing fire.
It will be well that we enrage them not.

(*They go out to the right.*)

ANAHOTAHA

(*Who has watched the proceedings with marked lack of sympathy*)

If they be gods or devils or but men,
I will not stand aside. I am the chief!
Why do the nations offer gifts to them,
And none at all to me, who am the chief?

IHEE

The feast is of their giving. It is good.

ANAHOTAHA

I grudge it not to Gooseberry, for he
Is wise, a chief at heart. But Radisson,—
He talks too much aside with Owera.
I will not have it so. Am I the chief?

IHEE

Nay, very soon they leave us for the south,
Departing with the Sioux on their return.
A chief can hide his heart and bide his time.

ANAHOTAHA

My heart is tugging hard upon its bonds.

*(There enters an elaborate procession, moving across the field on the way to the place set for the games. First come the young men of the Wendats, their warriors, carrying bows and arrows, and wearing the gayest headdresses of feathers and furs and porcupine quills; then the young men of the Sioux, with painted faces and bodies, feathers in their hair, and trailing tails at the moccasin heel; then the young men of the Crees, wearing furs, and carrying snow-shoes. All the young men carry weapons.*

*Then the old men and chiefs of the several tribes follow, wearing ceremonial dress, and each carrying a pipe.*

*Then the personal escort of the Frenchmen, —first four men carrying their guns; then four men carrying kettles and bowls heaped up with trinkets for "gifts"; then* OWERA, *carrying* RADISSON'S *redstone pipe uplifted in both hands, while another maiden bears* GROSEILLIERS'. *The girls wear their gayest dress, with many adornments of beads and trinkets.*

RADISSON *and* GROSEILLIERS *follow in state. To satisfy the Indians' idea of grandeur, they have assumed all the adornments possible,—embroidered cloaks, necklaces, rolls of fur trimmed with porcupine quills upon their heads, like crowns. Knives and pistols are at the belt.*

*Following them comes the undistinguished huddle of an Indian camp, men, women, and children, gay with incongruous adornment, all pressing forward, yet masking their curiosity and eagerness with an air of self-possessed dignity.*)

ANAHOTAHA

(*To* IHEE)

Hast thou ordained that Owera should bear
His pipe before the nations gathered here?

IHEE

He hath great wealth of knives and bells and awls,
And he will soon depart and take it hence.

(*As* RADISSON *passes he notices* ANAHOTAHA *and* IHEE *standing apart, and calls to them.*)

RADISSON

Ihee, my father,—Anahotaha,
My brother-chief, why stand ye thus apart?
Come, join my retinue, and give me aid

In welcoming the chiefs of other tribes.
For ye are of my household, I of yours.
When I return from traffic with the Sioux,
This speech recall. I'll make it clear to you.
(*He goes on with procession.*)

ANAHOTAHA

My heart will know no peace till he is dead.
If he return, I slay him. It is said.

[CURTAIN]

## "THE FEAST OF FRIENDSHIP"

### A Wordless Pageant

### (Interlude between Acts III and IV)

An open, clear space in the forest, inclosed by close-set bushes not yet in leaf, has been prepared for the celebration of the "Feast of Friendship." A "medicine-pole" has been erected,—a tall pole decorated with feathers and fluttering streamers. At its foot is the large drum of ceremony, made of untanned hide stretched upon a frame, and supported by four curved stakes driven into the ground. Four or five drummers squat about it, each with his drumstick and his pipe of ceremony upon a buffalo-robe at his side.

The Indians, men, women, and children, gather silently from all sides. Those who are about to take part in the dance squat in a circle about the medicine-pole, while the others dispose themselves as observers about the sides of the field. The visiting Sioux wear robes of buffalo-skin, breast-plates of porcupine quills, and necklaces of bear-claws. At each moccasin heel is fastened the tail of a fox, or other animal, which trails on the ground. Their headdresses are fantastic beyond imagination,—made of buffalo horns, turkey feathers, rolls of beaver-skin, and porcupine quills. As

they have never come into contact with the whites before, they have no woven cloth in their garments, which are composed entirely of skins. Their young men, and those taking part in the dances and games, are naked except for moccasins, loin cloth, headdress, and occasionally a decorative tail of feathers fastened to a belt. Their weapons are hammers and hatchets made of sharp stones tied to a stick, and bows and arrows. Some carry shields of buffalo-skin stretched upon a round frame, and decorated with feathers. Their faces and bodies are painted.

The visiting Crees, who come from the northern shore of Lake Superior, are characteristically dressed in furs. Their hair is flowing, whereas the Sioux and Wendats wear theirs braided; and their caps of fur are ornamented with the tails of animals. Their armlets and other ornaments are of copper and of shells.

The Wendats wear their customary dress of deerskin leggings and shirts, together with traders' blankets and broadcloth, with the addition of ceremonial robes, feather decorations, and ornaments.

When the crowds have gathered, the procession which passed at the close of Act III enters in the same order. After crossing the field, GROSEILLIERS and RADISSON seat themselves on an elevated place which has been erected at one side. Their immediate attendants close up about them, the other Indians range themselves lower down and in the background, most of them reclining upon the ground.

A Sioux warrior, wearing a war-bonnet of black

eagle feathers which reaches to the ground behind him, approaches the Frenchmen, and offers a redstone pipe, with stem five feet long, decorated with feathers. GROSEILLIERS fills it with tobacco, and signs to OWERA, who lights it with a live coal. GROSEILLIERS and RADISSON each draw a puff, and return the pipe to the Sioux, who lifts it to the four corners of heaven and then draws a puff and passes it back to the other Sioux, who hand it about among themselves, each drawing a puff. The Sioux then throws his painted cloak at the feet of GROSEILLIERS and sings a song to the accompaniment of the drum, expressing his thankfulness that he has seen "these terrible men, whose words make the earth to quake." RADISSON answers with a gay French song, which is listened to with grave attention. GROSEILLIERS gives out his "gifts" of trinkets to the various tribes.

The drummers resume the rhythmic beat which accompanies their dancing, and as it gets into the blood of the performers they spring up and begin to dance, one here, another there, until finally the whole circle is moving. The savage dance has a hypnotic effect upon the performers themselves and works them up into a frenzy. It begins with a rhythmic shifting of the weight from one foot to the other, accompanied by a bending of the knees, and a slapping of the sole on the ground, always in time with the drum, but on this foundation each dancer develops his own fantasies. Some circle stolidly about in time with the drum-beat, some double the time, some bend the knees and swoop along the ground, or shake the limbs to

show agility. Some enact with dramatic pantomime following the trail of the enemy, lying in ambush, coming upon him, fighting and overcoming him, tying him to a stake,—all to the measured beat of the drums. Others enact the sentry, listening with ear to the ground, giving an alarm, retreating under cover.

A buffalo-dance follows, in which the chase and capture of a herd of buffaloes are enacted. The sentry brings word of the herd, the warriors throw aside all superfluous clothing and snatch up spears and clubs; some assume a mask of a buffalo head and cover their arms and back with buffalo-skin, while others, as stalkers, creep ahead under covering of a whole white wolf-skin. They creep stealthily upon an imagined herd, surround it with wild shouts and leapings, throw spears, force the herd over a precipice, and the women gather to skin the animals, while the braves dance in victory.

The Crees give a dance on snowshoes, showing their skill in using these clumsy implements. Also a bear-dance, each dancer wearing a bear's head, and flopping his arms from the elbow in the fashion of a bear walking upright.

The women do not join in the dances with the men, but occasionally they form a circle of their own at one side, moving always in a slow circling sweep to the right, bending the knees at each step, but otherwise keeping the body rigid. Occasionally they punctuate their own dance or accent the dance of the men with a shrill falsetto cry—"Ki-yi!"—which cuts weirdly across the heavier "Ho, ho!" of the men.

Sometimes one and sometimes all of them at once will break into a song.

Formal games and contests in skill follow. A pole is set up, a scalp hung upon it, and one warrior after another shoots an arrow into the pole. When he succeeds he sings a short song, boastfully recounting some great exploit; when he fails he is hooted by the watchers.

A netted hoop is set rolling, and the archers run alongside and shoot through the open places in the net. This is a game, in which the space pierced and the way the arrows fall are counted as "points."

The game of "snow snakes" consists of throwing curved sticks, or spears, on a cleared space of ice.

A game of la crosse is played, with different tribes on opposing sides. Contests in racing, stilt contests, and climbing a pole for a prize placed by RADISSON at the top, fill out the programme. The Indians laugh easily and explosively at any mishaps to the contestants.

At the sides, here and there, little groups are playing gambling games, like the moccasin game, the hand game, the game of the dish, and the game of sticks. Here and there a woman juggles balls in the air. Groups of beggars go about, dancing the Begging Dance and singing the Begging Song—which may not be denied!

The ceremonies are concluded when GROSEILLIERS' Indians bring in great kettles of cooked meat, from which all eat, while RADISSON sings French songs.

[CURTAIN]

## ACT IV

*A vast snow-covered plain. Fringing it in the distance are dark borders of pine and spruce, from which comes now and again the questing bark of the wolf, ending in an ominous howl. The sun is setting in an angry glare, throwing a blood-red glow upon the wind-blown hillocks of snow. As it sinks below the horizon the glow fades, and snow begins to fall, hard and sharp as frozen sand.*

*The wolf howls again, and* RADISSON, *who has been lying in a huddled heap upon the ground, pulls himself to his feet. He looks toward the wood, toward the sunset, and staggers forward a few paces. Then he sinks beside a bare bush. The wolf howls again.* RADISSON *pulls himself up by the aid of the bush, and speaks.*

RADISSON

Is this the end, Pierre?—The end?—The end?
An end must come in time. Is this the place?—
'Tis now five days that I have forced my limbs
Beyond the torture point to bear me on
Across the solitary, endless waste,
And they have shrieked with pain till they are dead.
Good legs, they're dead, I tell thee. They no more
Can move than dead men, stretched upon the snow,

Flapping a scarf-end for a show of life.
O treacherous Ottawas! A thieving set!
Medard will wait to keep the rendezvous,
And wonder. Good Medard! He'll blame himself
Because I took the heavier sled from him
To ease him, I, the younger. Could I know
The ice was rotten with the mounting sun?
The freezing water clutched me to the thigh
With devil fingers. But I saved the sled.
It bore the merchandise that held our life.
His life, at least. He'll miss me, poor Medard,—
A cruel mistress, that is what he said,—
This wilderness I loved. And so it is,
And when did lover love the less for that?—
O fair and cold, I die upon thy breast,
And thou wilt hold me as no woman hath,
My restless heart at peace within thine arms,
Forever and forever. Thee I sought,
Thee have I thought to conquer to my will.
I die, instead, but die upon thy breast.
And so I triumph! Thou shalt ne'er be free
From me, my name and memory, O beloved!
Thou'rt mine at last. Now—kiss me on the lips!

(*He sinks down again and lies in a stupor.*)

ANAHOTAHA, *wearing a cloak of white beaver-skins over the light equipment of a scout, comes upon the scene at the back. He pauses to look abroad, and then comes swiftly down on* RADISSON'S *trail. Leaning over the fallen man, he speaks and puts out his hand to shake him.*)

ANAHOTAHA

Ugh, dead? I come too late. White chief, awake!—
Awake, and die again, for I would see.

RADISSON

*ousing himself*)

What, Anahotaha? Art thou a dream,
Or flesh?—My brother sent to seek me here?

ANAHOTAHA

Thy brother sent me not. I came in hate.
I am no friend. I come to see thee die.

RADISSON

(*Lifting himself up*)

Thou giv'st me life, nathless. My thanks! But why
Should Anahotaha become my foe?

ANAHOTAHA

Because the white chief came across my path
When I was—hunting deer. Dost lack for food?

RADISSON

(*Carrying his rôle to the end*)

I? Lack for food? 'Tis true my fast is now
Near five days old, my friend; but that is naught.
My devil feedeth me when I command
With broth that lifts my heart and keeps me strong!

ANAHOTAHA

(*Taking food from his own pouch to test him*)

Thine eyes are hollow as a starving man's.
Yet clear enough they see to note the food
I take from out my pouch—and eat alone.
Thou wilt not beg a crumb? Thou art a brave!
Yet none the less shalt die. And here I stay
To watch thine eyeballs glaze, thy lips to crack,
Thy limbs to twist in torture. I will bend
To drink the rattle in thy dying throat
As lover bends to hear his mistress breathe.

RADISSON

We have been friends. Why turn against me now?

ANAHOTAHA

We never have been friends. My father knew.
He saw ye were the stronger in your hearts,
And in the silent words ye do not speak,
And in the thoughts that hide behind the eyes.
The gods have given you the lead. The race
Is yours before we start. Can we be friends?

RADISSON

Yet need'st thou slay me?

ANAHOTAHA

I have longed at times
To break and trample in the dust your guns,

Your shining things, your wonder-cutting knives.
Why was it given to you and not to us
To know the secret?

RADISSON

(*Suddenly*)

Hark! Be still, and hark!

RUNNERS

(*Heard calling in the distance, but out of sight*)

Oho! Oho! Oho! Pierre! Oho!

RADISSON

They come! They search for me!

(ANAHOTAHA *throws himself upon* RADISSON, *bearing him to the ground, and covers their bodies with his white beaver-robe, indistinguishable against the snow.*)

ANAHOTAHA

Lie still, white chief.

RUNNERS

(*Departing*)

Oho, Pierre! Pierre! (*Faint in the distance.*)
Oho! O-ho!

RADISSON

(*Struggling free and speaking with deadly calm*)
Thou art a devil, Anahotaha.

ANAHOTAHA

I am a brave, and I will wear thy scalp
Adangle at my belt to show to all
I overcame the white chief in the end.
Which is the better now, or thou, or I?
For all thy guns which is the better now?

(*Realizing at last the sinister significance of* ANAHOTAHA'S *hostility and the hopelessness of his situation,* RADISSON *takes swift command of his soul. Turning carelessly from* ANAHOTAHA *he folds his arms and sings a lilting song.*)

RADISSON

Die we may and die we must.
Dust will crumble unto dust.
Soon or late will come a day
Earth we love will slip away.

ANAHOTAHA

Thou art a brave, yet I shall see thee die
Little by little, fighting still for hope.

RADISSON

(*Singing*)

If then the happy chance befall
To die with back against the wall

Why, take it as a crowning grace
That death should choose no meaner place.

ANAHOTAHA

A strong-heart song. And since there is no fear
Within thine eye, nor tremor in thy voice,
I will forego thy torture. Even more,—
I'll give thee back thy life and bear thee home
If thou in turn wilt give thy word to me—
The word of truth that thou art wont to use
With other white men, not the easy lie
Ye give, like toys, to redmen,—give thy truth
That thou wilt leave the Wendat land, and go
Back to thine own, and trouble us no more.

RADISSON

What else?

ANAHOTAHA

And that thou leav'st me Owera.

RADISSON

If I refuse?

ANAHOTAHA

Thou'lt take the Road of Death,
And that will lead thee far from Owera.

(*From the shadowy forest the wolf's howl is repeated, and answered.*)

RADISSON

I've seen the deer I shot, upon its knees,
Look at my dagger with a tranquil eye.
Think'st thou a deer can better Radisson?
Thou canst not touch me, Anahotaha.
My limbs are locked as in a trap that's sprung,
And bound in chains of fire. But I, within,
Can look thee in the eye and laugh at thee.
The moment that thy dagger spills my blood
I shall escape thee. Shall I bargain, then,
For life, as for a peltry, giving up
My will to thee, to win a little breath,
And thy contempt, and mine? I will not! Strike!

ANAHOTAHA

A panther, and no deer, it is I slay,——

(*He grasps* RADISSON'S *throat and lifts his dagger. There is a short struggle, and then a cry comes across the snow. Startled,* ANAHOTAHA *drops his hold on* RADISSON, *who gets to his feet. Both stare toward the back, where* OWERA *appears, approaching rapidly on snow-shoes. She cries again.*)

OWERA

O Anahotaha!

(*She comes up swiftly and looks from one to another.*)

I came in time!

RADISSON

(*Laughing in sudden revulsion to hope*)

And naught to spare! Yet time is time enough.
My brother and the others,—are they near?

OWERA

(*Breathless*)

I came alone. I saw the Ottawas
Come into camp. Their tongues were ever false
Because their hearts are covetous. I saw
That Anahotaha had slipped away.
I knew he took the trail. I followed him,
For there is none so sure to find the trail
As Anahotaha.

ANAHOTAHA

(*In a sort of bewildered rage*)

And none so strong.
A bison in a rage is not so strong,
And I could slay you both. What holds my hand?

OWERA

(*With the serene dignity of one who sees beyond the moment*)

Then thou wilt slay thy wife, for I am come
To say to Anahotaha, the chief,
That I am ready.

RADISSON

Not to save my life!
Nay, Owera, I would not take my life
At cost of love and liberty to thee.

ANAHOTAHA

To buy his life,—is that why thou hast come?

OWERA

(*With grave dignity*)

His life shall be the gift my husband brings
To me, his bride, in place of beaver-robes,
And I do give it now to Radisson,—
A gift at parting, as our custom is.
I was bewildered for a time. I lost
Our ancient skill to read the secret signs
That guide my people over trackless wastes.
I dreamed of other customs, smoother trails.
And felt myself the wiser for the sign
The black robes set upon my childish brow,
And so I scorned my people, and withheld
My heart from Anahotaha, who sued.
And then the famine came, in punishment,
And understanding fell upon my heart.
My place is here and not beyond the sea.
The gods have set me here, not otherwhere.
If I have wisdom, they have greater need,—
My people. Anahotaha and I
Must lead them on the weary trail they go.
My head is bowed to take the burden-band.

RUNNERS

(*Faint in the distance*)

Oho, oho! Pierre! Oho! Oho!

ANAHOTAHA

(*Curtly*)

Thy brother's runners. Answer to the call.

RADISSON

Oho! Oho!—They hear! I see them turn.

ANAHOTAHA

(*Waves signal*)

Oho! Oho!

RUNNERS

(*Nearer*)

Pierre! Oho! Pierre!

ANAHOTAHA

They come for thee, and here our trails divide.
Farewell, white chief. My woman, follow me!

(*He turns and without looking backward makes off on a new trail.*)

OWERA

(*Briefly*)

The eagle to the mountain! But the owl
With weighted eyelid, hides him from the light.
The gods have willed it so. And so farewell.

(*With unfaltering, rhythmic step, she follows* ANAHOTAHA *off.*)

RADISSON

My Owera, my wonder-child!—Farewell!—
We bind our shoes with heart-strings, place of thongs,
And never guess the marvel, as we use
The light of day for common offices
Nor count its origin among the spheres!
The stream of life hath caught us; we are swept
By powers we know not, upon unsought shores,
For purposes we cannot even guess.
But by the will of me that dares to live,
I will return no more to Wendat land.
I will go northward on another trail,
And trouble them no more by my return.

RUNNERS

(*In sight, signaling to him*)

Oho! Pierre!

RADISSON

Oho! I wait you here!—
Since else to do is yet beyond my power!

(*He removes his cap and sweeps the landscape with a long look.*)

My wilderness! Thy pardon! I depart,
But here I leave my dream—my name—my heart!

[FINAL CURTAIN]

## THE PASSING OF THE INDIAN

A mist that shifts and changes with the wind,
A dream the dreamer tries in vain to hold,—
Such is the mastery on the earth of man.
Where once the unfettered Redman roamed at will,
The white man claims the land by metes and bounds.
The clang of mill and factory breaks the hush
That brooded on the prairie and the stream,
And where the moccasin flower, shy and wild,
Danced with the wind and sheltered in the shade,
The prim, trim fields march straitly, row by row.
What has been, shall be; change shall follow change.
For the dominion that man claims is vain,
His lordship of the earth a passing dream,—
A dream the dreamer tries in vain to clasp,
A mist that melts within his futile grasp.

## HISTORICAL NOTE

THE detailed account, in manuscript, of the four "voyages" of Pierre Esprit Radisson was, it is conjectured, written out by the adventurer from his rough notes about 1665, some ten years after that first visit to the Upper Mississippi which he chronicles. The account was prepared for Sir George Carteret, Vice-Chamberlain of Charles II, at a time when Radisson and Groseilliers, bitter at what they considered the extortionate demands of their own government, were engaged in enlisting English influence for the founding of a company to exploit the great Northwest of the New World. Their representations led, as a matter of fact, to the establishment of the Hudson Bay Company, which was chartered in 1670, and the two adventurers were engaged under that company for ten years. Then they both returned to the service of France, and for the next ten years used their intimate knowledge of the country to outwit and out-trade the English trappers. In 1684 Radisson again entered the service of the Hudson Bay Company, this time without Groseilliers, who, it is conjectured, probably died soon afterward in Canada. Radisson at once voyaged to Hudson Bay and took forcible possession of the chief French trading post; but after only four years of active service he seems to have been placed

on the pension list of the company. As he was then only fifty-three years old, one quickly guesses that his daring had finally led him into some hazard which ended his adventures forever. Twenty-one years later the pension ceased, indicating that Radisson died in England in 1710.

Radisson's manuscripts came into the possession of Samuel Pepys when Secretary of the Admiralty,—a part of that remarkable collection which went, in large part, after the death of the diarist, to wrap the parcels of London tradesmen. Later, Richard Rawlinson, the collector, rescued many of Pepys's most valuable papers; and two Radisson manuscripts came into the possession of the Bodleian Library and the British Museum, where they remained practically unknown to the world until 1885. In that year a transcript was made from the original manuscripts, and this was published in a limited edition of two hundred and fifty copies by the Prince Society, of Boston, a society devoted to the publication of rare documents relating to early American history.

Radisson's narrative, written in the colloquial English which he used familiarly, is the composition of a fur trader and adventurer, not of a scientific explorer or a professional discoverer. It is, therefore, lacking in certain of the qualities of exactness which the historian values; yet its main points are sufficiently corroborated by contemporary records to establish their verity.

The incidents which have been used in the drama belong to the years 1655-56 and 1659-60. In August,

1654, Groseilliers, an experienced Indian trader, thirty-four years old, and his young brother-in-law, Radisson, who, though only nineteen, already had seven years of adventure on both continents behind him, set out from Three Rivers to open new trails into the Far West. With an escort of Hurons and Ottawas, they followed the customary route to Lake Huron, and spent the autumn and winter in the region of Mackinac and Green Bay. Early the next spring, before the snow was gone, the little party traveled on snowshoes southwestward to a great river, striking the Mississippi probably near the mouth of the Fox River. Building boats, they ascended the stream to Isle Pélée, where they were surprised and relieved to find a newly settled band of Hurons, driven from their home near the Georgian Bay by the warlike Iroquois. They stayed with these friendly Indians for over a year, and while Radisson went about with the young men, exploring and hunting, Groseilliers devoted himself to raising a harvest on the island to equip them for their return journey. The pacific Hurons, fearing to encounter their old enemies, the Iroquois, tried to detain them, and were only shamed into providing an escort for the journey by Radisson's fiery denunciations, after Groseilliers' persuasive arguments had failed.

Three years later they returned to the West, coasting along the southern shore of Lake Superior to Chequamegon Bay. Four days' march south, near a lake (identified as probably Lac Courte Oreille), they found a band of their Isle Pélée Indians, who had

been driven northward by the Sioux. That winter was marked by a terrible famine, in which over five hundred of the Hurons and Ottawas perished. With the opening of spring, the two Frenchmen called all the neighboring tribes to a great feast in the region of Knife Lake,—which probably takes its name from that event, as the fact that the Sioux Indians then first came into contact with the whites and received knives from them is preserved in the traditions of the tribe, and in the name by which they were later known to Du Luth and Hennepin, of Isanti or Knife Sioux. After the feast the two trappers traveled south with the returning Sioux to their own land in the region of the Minnesota, Mississippi, and Rum rivers, and then returned, with their laden sleds, to Chequamegon Bay. On this return trip Radisson met with the misadventures which have been used to give the setting for the fourth act.

For a popular account of Radisson's narrative, the reader is referred to the essay, "Groseilliers and Radisson," by Mr. Warren Upham, Secretary of the Minnesota State Historical Society, published in Volume X, Part II, of the "Collections" of that society.

## DIRECTIONS FOR COSTUMING AND MOUNTING IF THE PLAY IS TO BE GIVEN BY AMATEURS

As all the scenes are out of doors, the play is easily adapted for out-of-door presentation by amateurs. The same setting, an open space inclosed by trees, could be used throughout, leaving the speeches of the characters to indicate the season. In the first scene, tents in the background should give a suggestion of a settled camp. For the other scenes, nothing is really necessary but an open place in the woodland. As the third and fourth acts call for winter scenes, the inclosing background should either be of bare branches or of such winter trees as spruce, fir, tamarack.

### COSTUMES

*Radisson and Groseilliers.* Their ordinary dress is that of the scout or voyageur, consisting of buckskin leggings reaching to the hip, moccasins, a belted blouse, a fur cap with flaps that can be drawn down over the ears. Their dress of ceremony is made by adding a gay sash and an embroidered cloak; and at the Friendship Feast they add beads, embroideries, and trinkets *ad lib.* They wear habitually a knife in a sheath and a gay pouch, both attached to the belt.

*The Wendats.* Their dress includes long leggings, reaching to the hip, and fringed on the outer seam; deerskin shirts or coats; moccasins. Their hair is parted and braided in two braids, falling on either side of the face. As they have long been more or less in contact with white traders, they may wear blankets or other woven material, made up after their own old fashion. The men may wear feathers, and on ceremonial occasions would certainly do so. Also embroidered garments, beads, and other decorations.

*Sondaqua* as chief, and afterward *Anahotaha,* wears a cloak made of brilliant feathers sewed lightly by the stem upon a piece of cloth reaching from the neck to the ground. Their other garments, fashioned like those of the other members of the tribe, are more elaborately embroidered with dyed grasses, beads, porcupine quills, etc., and they wear necklaces of bears' claws. *Ihee,* as medicine-man, carries a rattle made of a gourd filled with small stones, and a headdress made of an owl's head and wings.

*Owera.* A broadcloth or deerskin dress, fastened at the shoulders and embroidered only on the upper part, which is folded back, and on the sleeves, which are separate from the dress; deerskin leggings gartered below the knee; moccasins; an outer coat coming to the middle of the leg, fringed at the bottom; a gay sash, with fringed ends, fastened behind; a beaded headband crossing her forehead and fastened behind. Her hair is parted and braided in two braids which fall over her breast and are tied at the ends with gay ribbons—except in the mourning scene. Her leggings

are fringed at the bottom where they meet the moccasin, not at the seam. She may wear a fringed kirtle and short coat in place of the one-piece dress, to vary the costume.

*Other Wendat Women.* Like Owera, but less gay.

*Weapons of the Wendats.* Knives, guns, bows, and arrows. They carry the arrows in quivers worn on the back.

*The Sioux.* The Envoys wear ceremonial dress,—long leggings, belted shirts, robes or cloaks of buffalo-skin, porcupine-quill breastplate, necklaces of bear claws or of bright stones. Their hair is parted, cut short across the forehead, the rest braided on each side the face. Their headdress may be as elaborate as imagination can suggest,—buffalo horns, turkey feathers forming a crown, beaver-skin rolls, feathers of all colors. The leader wears a black war-bonnet of feathers. The tail of fox or other animal is fastened at heel of moccasin and flaps on the ground. *The young men* of the Sioux and those who take part in the games are naked except for a loin cloth, moccasins, and headdress. Their *weapons* are hammers and hatchets made of sharp stones tied to a stick, and bows and arrows. The quiver is made of bark, and hangs from the shoulders. Some carry shields of buffalo-skin stretched upon a round frame, and decorated with feathers. The faces and bodies of the Sioux are painted.

*The Crees.* Tight leggings reaching to the hip; close vest or shirt fastened with thongs; cap of fur,

with tail of animal for ornament. A robe or mantle of moose-skin or beaver covers the whole. Their hair is flowing, not braided. They wear armlets and other ornaments of copper, and of shells.

## DIRECTIONS FOR PAGEANT

THE dances and games which mark the ceremonies of "The Feast of Friendship" can be extended or curtailed as may be desired. The peculiar and monotonous "one-two, one-two," of the Indian drum-beat should be studied at native sources to insure accuracy; and so, too, the dancing step, the peculiar bending and swaying of which are difficult to describe. The pictures of the "Buffalo Dance" and the "Bear Dance" in Catlin's North American Indian Portfolio give a good idea of the postures assumed by the dancers.

For music, consult Bulletin 45 and 53 of the Bureau of American Ethnology, published for the Smithsonian Institution by the Government Printing Office.

A concise description of numerous Indian games is given in Bulletin 30, Part 1, of the Bureau of American Ethnology, under the head of "Games."

THE END

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